TIGRAN
— a fable —

"At Sunrise the sun felt haughty thinking that he was God.
But at sunset the sun sank bellow the horizon
and understood its essence"

— by Mkhitar Gosh —

TIGRAN

— a fable —

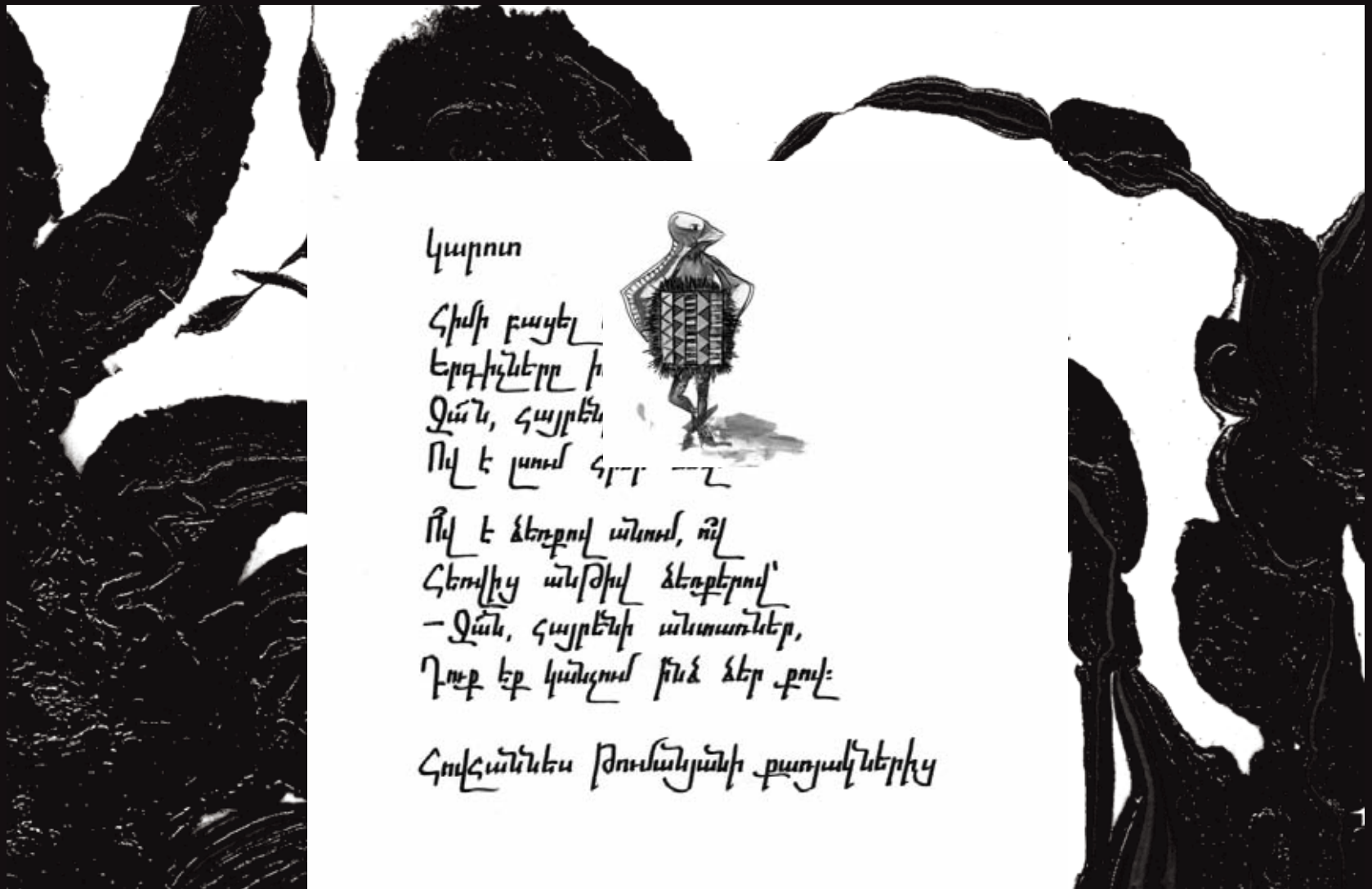
I — rain shadow — 1’36 II — what the waves brought — 6’32
III — the spinners — 3’00 IV — illusion — 1’31 V — samsara — 5’36
VI — longing — 5’08 VII — carnaval — 2’47 VIII — the legend of the moon — 5’34
IX — someday my prince will come — 3’42 X — kakavik (the little partridge) — 5’57
XI — a memory that become a dream — 2’40 XII — a fable — 5’08
XIII — mother, where are you? — 2’26
XIV — Looking for the block — 5’00

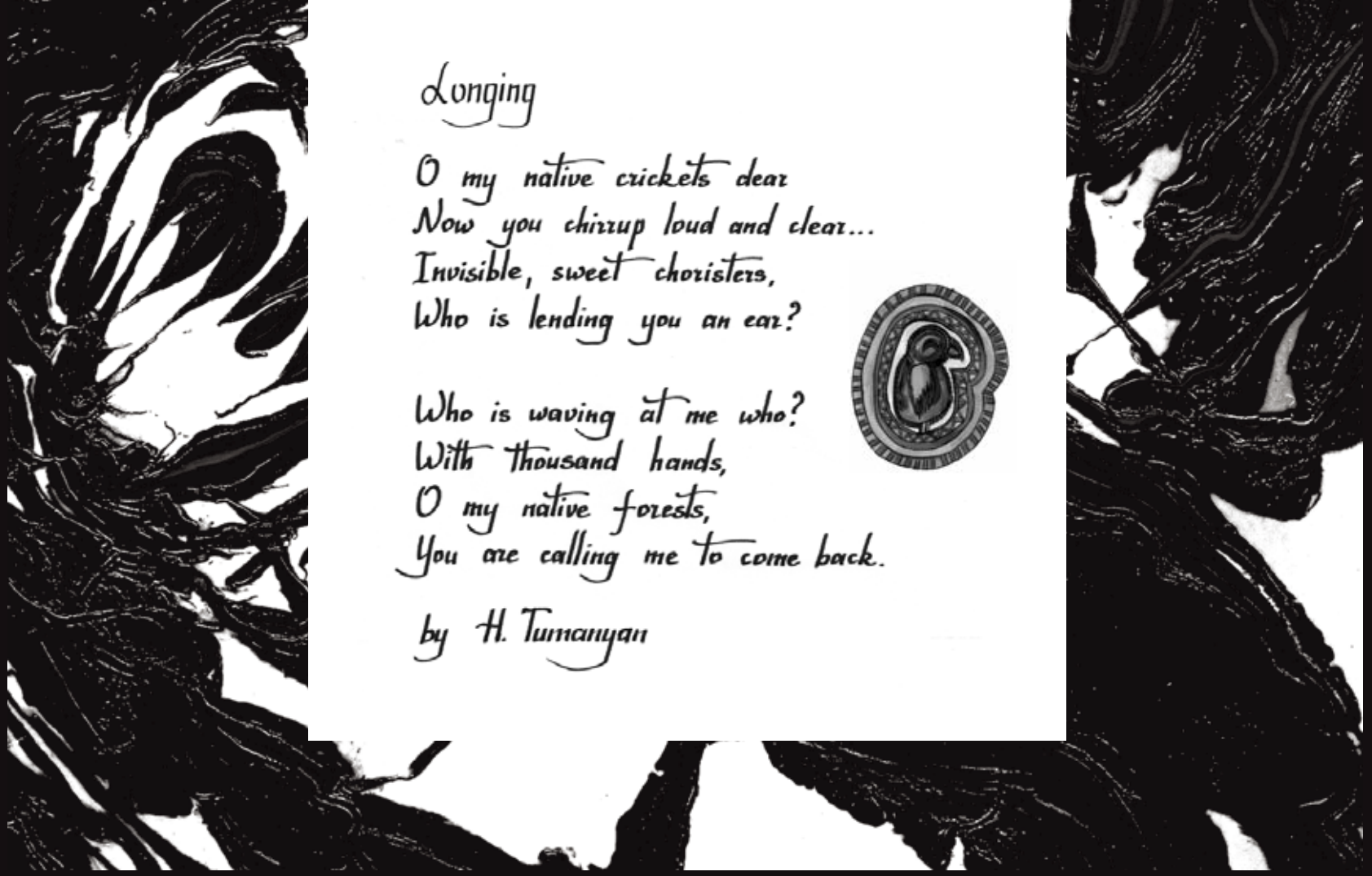
TIGRAN

— a fable —

TIGRAN
— a fable —

TIGRAN
— a fable —





Longing

O my native crickets dear
Now you chirrup loud and clear...
Invisible, sweet choristers,
Who is lending you an ear?

Who is waving at me who?
With thousand hands,
O my native forests,
You are calling me to come back.

by H. Tumanyan

TIGRAN
— a fable —

Լուսնի լեգենդը

Նայեց աշխարհին մի գոհնատ լուսին,
վարսերը փռեց լեռների ուսին,
Արծաթեց լույսով ձորերը զվարթ,
Իր շողարշներով ծածկեց լեռ ու արտ:

Ասում են թե նա երկնի անհունում
Մի լուսապսակ փրկիչ էր սիրում.
Դողում էր լուսինն այրող կարոտով,
Երբ անկնում էր նա այդ աստղի մոտով:

Եվ շրջում է նա մենակ, անդադրում,
Շողերը փռած արար- աշխարհում.
Դիտում է նա լուռ և հանդ, և արտ
Ակքերում պահած մի անհուն կարոտ:

Բայց ախ, մի գիշեր աստղը ծորաց վար,
Լուսինը դարձավ տրխուր, վհատահար.
Եվ ամեն գիշեր երկնի անհունում
Լուսինն իր կորած սերն է որոնում:

Գևորգ Ասրյան

The legend of the Moon

A pale moon looked at the world,
Laid its hair on the mountains' shoulders,
Gave the waters a silver glow,
And covered field and mountain with her blankets.

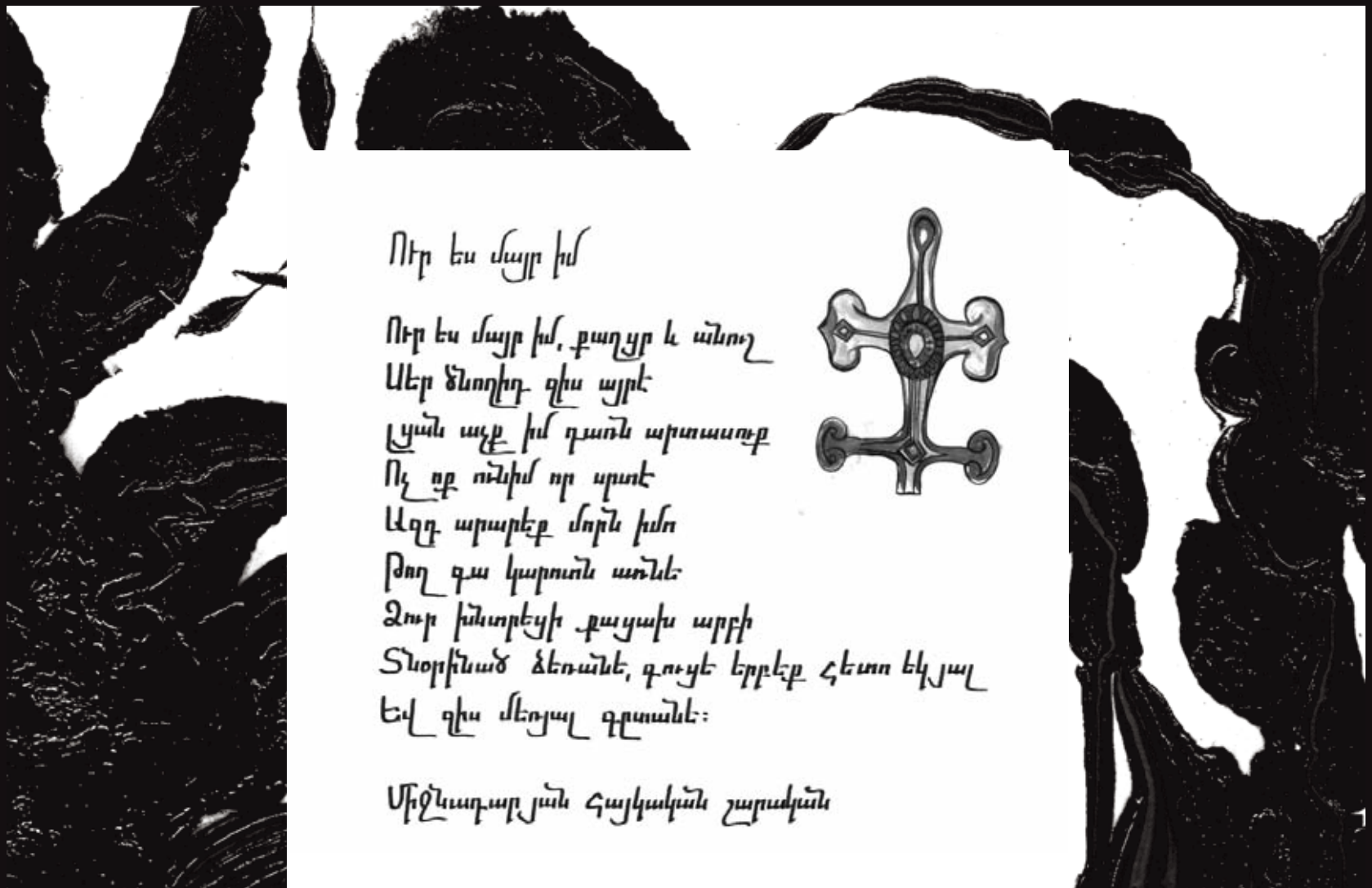
They say in the rootless depth of the universe,
She loved a boy with a glowing garland,
She would tremble with burning longing
When passing by the star boy.

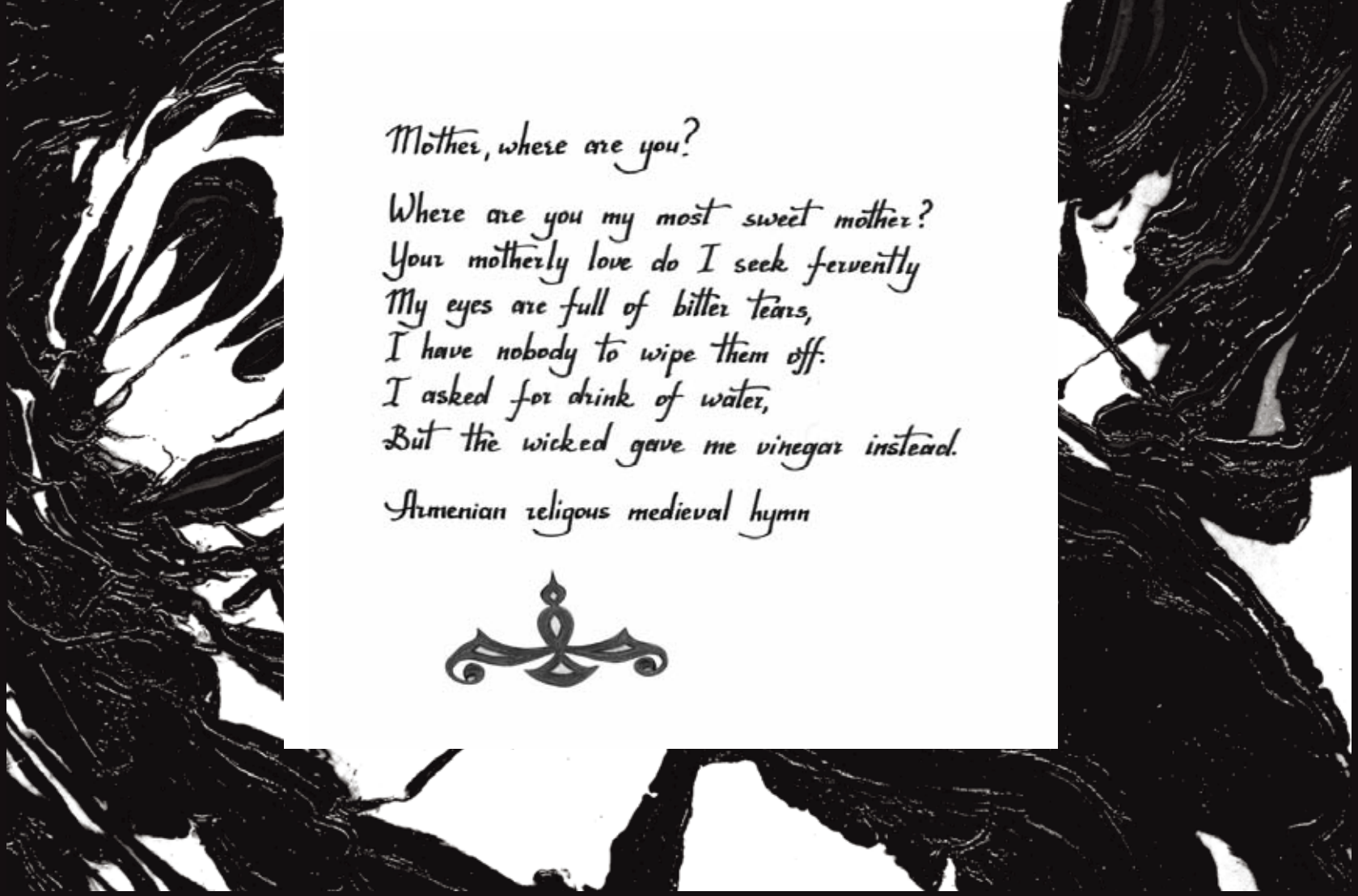
And the Moon would go around
Laying her beams upon the world,
She looked silent and calm,
In her blood red eyes hiding her rootless desire.

But then one night the star boy
dripped down from the sky
Sadness and sorrow filled the Moon's heart,
Since then the Moon goes around
in the rootless depth of the night
Looking for her long lost love.

by Zegham Saryan

TIGRAN
— a fable —





Mother, where are you?

Where are you my most sweet mother?
Your motherly love do I seek fervently
My eyes are full of bitter tears,
I have nobody to wipe them off.
I asked for drink of water,
But the wicked gave me vinegar instead.

Armenian religous medieval hymn

TIGRAN
— a fable —

TIGRAN
— a fable —

Tigran - piano, voice
Track 7 Nate Wood creates sounds on a music stand and the floor.

All songs are composed by Tigran Hamasyan except:
«The Spinners" - G.I. Gurdjieff & T. De Hartmann
"Someday My Prince Will Come" - F. Churchill & L. Morey
"Kakavik" – Based on an Armenian folk song collected by Komitas
"Mother, Where Are You?" - Armenian medieval Hymn

The lyrics of «Longing» are taken from Armenian Poet Hovhannes Tumanyan's «Quatrians»
«The Legend of the Moon» is based on the poetry of Gegham Saryan.

All songs arranged by Tigran.

Produced by Tigran and Nate Wood
Recorded in September 2010 at Studio Sequenza in Montreuil, France
Recorded by Nate Wood
Recording assistant: Thomas Vingtrinier
Mixed and Mastered by Nate Wood

Executive producer: Yann Ollivier
Coordination: Damien de Clerck

Cover and inlay photos: Vahan Stepanyan
Calligraphy by Anna Mkrtichyan
Painting illustrations by Melanya Hamasyan
Design: Element-S - Jérôme Witz